

## Why Called Alligator?

THIS name for the huge saurian arose from the astonished words of a Spanish sailor on seeing one of the monsters for the first time. He cried, "That's a lagarto!" Spanish for lizard, hence alligator.



## Fiction Page



## Sixty Miles of Books.

WITH its 5,000,000 printed volumes, the British Museum Library is the largest in the world. The library was started in 1573. The catalogue, a bare alphabetical list, consists of 1,500 folio volumes.

# THE FACE IN THE FOG - By Jack Boyle

Watch For This Story in the Near Future at Moore's Rialto, Featuring Lionel Barrymore.

By JACK BOYLE.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

A we hurriedly gathered the few necessities for flight. Count Orloff, with a soldier's forethought, ordered Michael to depart ahead of us and named a rendezvous in the woods for the next day at which he was to receive the jewels, and disguised, endeavor to carry them to America.

"In the midst of our preparations there was a crash of glass, a splintering of woodwork, and Petrus made doubly hideous by anger and drink, appeared upon the balcony, above the salon. Without warning, he shot and my uncle fell dying. I knelt beside him, and as I raised his head he gasped out his last command—that I must take the Romanoff jewels to America, that I must consecrate my life to safeguarding them and that, when a brighter day dawned for our unfortunate country, I must use the gold they would provide to aid, not a Romanoff dynasty, but a true government by and for honest men.

"Do you swear my Tatiana?" my uncle whispered, even as his eyes were dimming in death, and with my right hand upraised I answered, "I swear."

As he listened, Orloff's eyes burned with admiration and pride in the girl he loved, but his heart was laden with hopelessness.

"Before Petrus and his men could spring down upon us Orloff saved me and my maid by hurrying up into the secret passageway, protected by steel doors, which leads from within the castle to the woods beyond the walls. At daybreak we found Michael awaiting us at the appointed spot, and Orloff, providing him with a beggar's disguise, handed him the bag of jewels and commanded him if he escaped detection to meet us in this city. We evaded a thousand perils and finally reached America, but, always pursuing were Petrus and Ivan. Often before we were quit of Russia we escaped them only by minutes. And, worse yet,

when we reached this city we found they were here before us and feared to communicate with Michael. At last we risked it, instructing him to be in beggar's disguise outside Coppa's restaurant last night."

The girl sighed and brushed a mist of tears from her eyes.

**MICHAEL DIED.**

"You know the result. Poor Michael! He died as he had lived—faithful. I think that is all, Mr. Kant, except that you're offering now to restore the jewels. Often I have hoped that fate might take them and the curse which followed them out of my life—for just a second her hand touched Orloff's in a gentle caress—but just as a traitor I have known it was a traitorous wish. God has decided. So be it."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A Tense Situation.

The tenseness of diametrically conflicting hopes and desires was like an electric charge in the air, in Boston Blackie's apartment, while the four who had been left behind awaited the return from Ivan's home of the rescue party. Mary, though she had willed that Blackie should go, paced the floor, divided between fears for her husband and fears for a girl she had never seen. Detective Wren was equally anxious and impatient. If Kant and Blackie returned with the girl, who seemed now to be the key to the mystery, and also with Orloff, this night had proved the greatest in his career as a detective, for to him would go the public credit of the captures. But if by mischance Orloff were implicated and his story of the kidnapped girl proved no more than a ruse to escape, he dreaded the thought of trying to explain the misfortune in the morning to Chief of Detectives Dan Egan.

The two prisoners sat huddled together and conversing, now and then, in a foreign tongue only they understood. Petrus' evil courage was unconquered. He hoped and would have prayed if he could that Ivan had triumphed,



Boston Blackie shows Mary the vast fortune of the Romanoff jewels. A scene from "The Face in the Fog," Cosmopolitan Production's great mystery drama. Left to

right—Mary McLaren as Mary (Boston Blackie's wife), and Lionel Barrymore as Boston Blackie.

that he would escape, that the rescue of Tatiana would fail. Petrus would have stepped upon the gallows willingly as the price of seeing his enemies' hopes confounded, but his sullen, muttering comrade would have given everything he had ever hoped to win through the theft of the jewels for a present certainty he would never feel a hangman's noose tighten about his neck.

"Will they never come?" Mary exclaimed, and then, as a motor stopped below: "They're here, that's Blackie's car. If only they have found the girl this long night of terror is well ended."

There were steps upon the stairs and, as Mary opened the door, Blackie, with Tatiana beside him and Orloff and Kant behind, entered the room. At the sight of the girl safe and un-

## A SONG THAT TOUCHED THE HEART

### How a Chance Listener to an Ave Maria Tried to Persuade the Singer to Go On the Stage and Later Changed His Mind Forever.

By BERTHA R. McDONALD.

IT was characteristic of Jules Lamont to be on the constant lookout for undiscovered talent wherever his affairs took him. Thus it was that he found himself standing outside an unpretentious home in Hannabel, one evening, listening to Gounod's "Ave Maria."

"Grand opera!" he exclaimed under his breath. "That's where she's headed for, or I don't want a cent!"

It was also characteristic of him to go after a "find" once he had unearthed it, so he tried to discover the identity of the golden voice without further delay. He had been called to Hannabel, a few days before, in response to a wire from an old friend who was visiting relatives there. It being impossible for the friend to get as far East as New York before returning to his western home, Lamont was spending a few days in Hannabel with him.

Being a man of temperament—of moods—he found it absolutely impossible to survive without resorting to "alone periods," as he called them, and this evening he had left the family circle of his host to wander for a time among the byways of the town. It was then he had come upon the golden voice singing "Ave Maria."

**REAL NICE VOICE.**

"Have you any singers of note in your town?" he asked casually when he returned to the home of Andrew Cullom, his host.

"Not particularly," answered Cullom, accepting the question quite as a matter of course, coming as it did from a man who dealt continually in affairs musical. "There are several would-be singers scattered about, but none of them has excited any special interest so far."

"Do any of these would-be singers happen to live on that short street that runs past the basket factory?"

"Why—yes—rather, no. She isn't a would-be, because Valerie Whitman never pretends to be anything she isn't. She has a nice voice but she only uses it to entertain her blind father."

It was rather plain sailing after that. Reinforced by credentials from an old resident as Andrew Cullom, entree to the little home of the Whitmans was easily obtained, but in spite of the wonderful opportunities Lamont presented, in spite of a future painted in colors so glowing it seemed incredible that any girl could reject his offers. Valerie steadily refused to leave her blind father.

"But he needn't be an obstacle," insisted Lamont. "My home is large, there is only myself—my housekeeper and servants do exactly as I say. Come,

we will give him the sunniest spot while his little canary becomes a great song bird."

"Ah—but no," she answered quaintly. "It would be like caging wild doves, both for father and me. Here, he knows his way about so perfectly he is not confined to the house. He knows them all—the walks, the lanes, the trees and his own beloved garden. No, Mr. Lamont, I must not—could not think of it while I have father."

"I wish I might persuade you, but perhaps you know best. If after—er—some time—when you are alone with the walks, the lanes, the trees and the beloved garden, perhaps then you will come to me. I shall always be looking for you."

The memory of the quaint little singer lingered with Jules Lamont for many a day. Professionally he lamented almost to the point of bitterness the shackles which imprisoned that glorious organ and kept it from the world; nor was there any hint of sordid dollars and cents in his lament. And, personally, the man pictured ever the beauty and sweetness of this unselfish character who was willing and ready to sacrifice her life for a blind parent.

### VALERIE AN ORPHAN.

In fact, he never quite forgot the little singer. Once in a while he found occasion to write when he ran across some musical hit he thought especially adapted for her voice, always receiving in return a maidenly little note of thanks.

Then one day the inevitable happened. John Whitman ventured too far one lovely afternoon and fell, receiving injuries which finally left Valerie an orphan. There were so many things to be done after that dread day when she came away and left him among the flowers in the village cemetery that Valerie had neither heart nor opportunity for singing; but by the time winter approached she had found her financial affairs in such shape that it was imperative to look for some sort of employment at once. Naturally she thought of her voice first and decided to communicate Jules Lamont.

"And so," her letter read in part: "I shall be glad to come to New York for study, if you can tell me of some place where I can earn my way. I shall never come under any other conditions, and if perhaps, you are too busy to think about that part of it, I shall give up thoughts of changing from the canary to the song bird and find work here in Hannabel."

Lamont lost no time in answering Valerie's letter. So sure was he of the outcome, both

financially and vocally, he would have paid any price to secure the raw material. He made it so plain that to him she stood in the light of a wonderful investment—that it was she who conferred the favor, not he—that she finally consented to come to New York.

She lived in his home under the watchful care of his old housekeeper and was supplied with drillmasters of every sort. She was taught how to sit and how to stand. She learned the art of wearing her clothes properly—clothes selected because they were to be a part of her. She learned how to enter a room and how to make her exit. She was coached in dramatic values, color schemes and the gentle art of make-up—this in addition to the never-ending round of vocal work—all of which, at the end of little more than a year, had changed the modest little canary of Hannabel into a well-poised bird of plumage, with an instrument in her throat that seemed destined to startle the world.

**"AVE MARIE."**

So thought Jules Lamont and so the drillmasters had assured him. Then one evening he returned home unexpectedly and found her singing "Ave Maria." The liquid tones fairly melted into his being. Throughout these months of intensive training Valerie had retained all her native sweetness, and now, augmented as it was by the poise and development of her character, she awakened in the hardened impresario a feeling he could not at first analyze.

"Valerie!" he cried out, hurrying across the room to her, as she crashed forward on the piano keys. He was sure she had fainted and was inwardly cursing himself for allowing her to work so hard, when she looked up at him through tear-wet eyes.

"I—you see—the song brought back such sacred memories," she said brokenly. "It made me think of Daddy and the dear little home back in Hannabel."

Lamont held out his arms and she crept into them unresistingly, as might a tired child, with her head against his heart. "Valerie, dear little girl," he whispered huskily, "I think after all I'd rather not share my song bird with the world. Could you—would you be happy to stay here with me always—as my wife?"

"But I mustn't!" she protested earnestly. "I must work—to pay you back! But I'd love!"

A Stirring Romance of Two Continents, Replete With Thrills, Intrigue and Mystery.

harmful in hands of her friends Petrus' raging hatred became inhuman. He sprang toward Tatiana with eyes convulsed with blood, teeth venomously pressed into his lips and wrists straining at their confining handcuffs until the steel, unheeded, bit deep into the flesh. The men sprang before Tatiana, fearing that even against such odds the Terrorist captive might force his way to her by the maniacal strength born of his anger. But never for an instant did the girl flinch nor retreat a step from him. More than all else the loss of his power to terrify this frail girl seemed to force upon Petrus' mind a realization of utter, irredeemable defeat.

"The devil is false, even to his own. I am beaten," he conceded, with a dejected shrug of his shoulders.

"You are," Huk Kant agreed joyfully. "You might as well take this pair down to headquarters and give them a cell—your strongest. Wren. You've done a nice night's work for yourself, my boy, in capturing single-handed two such murderers as these. Take all the credit. You understand."

Detective Wren's smiling face as he led his prisoners away was proof that he both understood and appreciated his privilege.

"And now for the final act—the restoration of the jewels to

this little girl," Huk Kant suggested.

The daughter of royal blood, standing before them with downcast eyes and in her disheveled clothes, seemed very little like what she had been born and very much like a lovely, lonely and deeply unhappy girl striving bravely to carry on under the weight of a black past's memories and blacker future's forebodings.

"Wait before you give them to me, please, that I for the last time may confess something duty will never permit me to say again," she faltered.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

### ADVERTISEMENT.

**OUCH! PAIN, PAIN. RUB RHEUMATIC, ACHING JOINTS**

Rub pain right out with small trial bottle of old "St. Jacob's Oil."

St. Jacob's Oil stops any pain, and rheumatism is pain only. Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Stop drugging! Rub soothing, penetrating St. Jacob's Oil right into your sore, stiff, aching joints, and relief comes instantly. St. Jacob's Oil is a harmless rheumatism liniment, which never disappoints, and cannot burn the skin.

Lumber up! Quit complaining! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest St. Jacob's Oil at any drug store, and in just a moment you'll be free from rheumatic pain, soreness and stiffness in the body. Relief awaits you. St. Jacob's Oil is just as good for sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, backache, sprains.

**Bad Stomachs Need Dare's Mentha-Pepsin**

Stop distress after eating, gas, acidity and bloating in 10 minutes. Get rid of gastritis and stomach agony in a short time. Do as Elias Dare of Salem, N. J., did. He writes: "I do not hesitate to say that Dare's Mentha-Pepsin is the finest medicine in the world. It cured me permanently of a chronic stomach trouble after I had tried many different preparations. Pepsin is, in itself, great for stomach misery, but there are other effective agents in Dare's Mentha-Pepsin that help to make a weak stomach strong and sturdy. Peoples Drug Stores and all druggists everywhere sell and guarantee it. A large bottle for \$1.00.

**STOMACH UPSET?**

Get at the Real Cause—Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. That's what thousands of stomach sufferers are doing now. Instead of taking tonics, or trying to patch up a poor digestion, they are attacking the real cause of the ailment—clogged liver and disordered bowels.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets arouse the liver in a soothing, healing way. When the liver and bowels are performing their natural functions, away goes indigestion and stomach troubles. Have you a bad taste, coated tongue, poor appetite, a lazy, don't-care feeling, no ambition or energy, trouble with undigested foods? Take Olive Tablets the substitute for calomel.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a purely vegetable compound mixed with olive oil. You will know them by their olive color. They do the work without gripping, cramps or pain. Take one or two at bedtime for quick relief. Eat what you like. 15c and 30c.

**GOOD HEALTH**

—is a matter of keeping well—not getting well.

**TAKE E. Z. TABLETS REGULARLY**

With THE TIMES. Are You Keeping Up

At Peoples and Other Good Drug Stores.

## What I Have Learned in 47 Years Practice

I HAVE been watching the results of constipation for 47 years, since I began the practice of medicine back in 1875. I am now 83 years old, and though from time to time the medical profession makes some wonderfully interesting experiments and tests, the fundamentals of causes and relief in this particular ailment are unchanged.

But the people take greater interest today in their health, in diet, exercise and the drinking of water. Constipation, however, will occur from time to time no matter how one tries to avoid it. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. I believe in getting as close to nature as possible, hence my remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It is made of Egyptian senna and pepsin with agreeable aromatics. Children will not willingly take bitter things. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love it. It does not gripe. Thousands of mothers have written me to that effect.

Over 10 million bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin are now sold every year, and it is the most widely bought family laxative in the world. I say family laxative because all in the family can use it with safety. It is mild enough for the infant in arms, effective in the most chronic constipation

of an adult. The formula is on every package.

Recently there has been a new wave of drastic physics. Calomel, a mercurial that salivates and loosens teeth, has been revived; salt waters and powders that draw needed constituents from the blood; coal tar disguised in candy form that causes skin eruptions. In a practice of 47 years I have never seen any reason for their use when a medicine like Syrup Pepsin will empty the bowels just as promptly, more cleanly and gently, without gripping, and without shock to the system.

Keep free from constipation! It lowers your strength 25 per cent, hardens the arteries and brings on premature old age. Do not let a day go by without a bowel movement. Do not sit and hope but go to a druggist and get a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is a generous-size bottle. Take a teaspoonful that night and by morning you will be well. The cost is only about a cent a dose. Use Syrup Pepsin for yourself and members of the family in constipation, biliousness, sour and crampy stomach, piles, indigestion, loss of appetite or sleep, and to break up fevers and colds. Always have a bottle in the house, and observe these three rules of health: Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the bowels open.

*H. B. Caldwell M.D.*

**TAKE DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN**  
The family laxative



From a recent portrait of DR. W. B. CALDWELL  
Born Shelbyville, Mo., 1839

### I REPEAT MY FREE OFFER

#### \$10,000 worth of trial bottles of Syrup Pepsin free

Last year I agreed to spend \$10,000 cash for free samples of my Syrup Pepsin, and send them free and postage paid to all who asked. A tremendous mail was the result. But there must be many who did not write. I would like to get their address this time. So I now renew my offer, in remembrance of my approaching 54th birthday, and will again devote \$10,000 to free samples. I am anxious to see one in every American home. Write for yours today. Simply give me your address. Send it to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 515 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois. Mine is truly a free gift; it costs the public nothing.